



*The Elfin Interviewer.*

HOPE you 're well, dear Mr. Cricket.  
 Let me say why I have come?  
 I 'm the special correspondent  
 Of the Pixie's *Morning Drum*.  
 Sir, your singing makes you famous—  
 As a vocalist you rank.  
 Let 's begin at the beginning.  
 Were you born upon this bank?

*The Field Cricket.*

On that point my recollection  
 Is a melancholy blank.

*The Elfin Interviewer.*

'T is a pity! But have patience—  
 Please don't stir from where you sit.  
 We 'll discuss your voice-production  
 For the reader's benefit.  
 Piercing notes you 're heard to utter;  
 It 's the popular surmise  
 That your lungs must be of leather,  
 And of quite abnormal size.

*The Field Cricket.*

A mistake. I do my chirping  
 With my active little thighs.

*The Elfin Interviewer.*

Thanks; I 've taken down your answer,  
 Which surprises me, I own,  
 Though the *Drum* is used to marvels.  
 Tell me, do you live alone?  
 Or is there a Mrs. Cricket?  
 Are there baby crickets, too?

If so, kindly state how many,  
 And I 'll feel obliged to you.

*The Field Cricket.*

I 've a wife and seven children;  
 And we bring them up on dew.

*The Elfin Interviewer.*

*Upon dew.*—There, that is written.  
 Now it 's time for you to speak  
 Of your private tastes and hobbies.  
 Do you football once a week?  
 Rumor says that you 're *athletic*.  
 Place reserve upon the shelf,  
 And I 'll faithfully report you,  
 On the honor of an elf.

*The Field Cricket.*

Well, I certainly love *jumping*,—  
 As you 'll notice for yourself!

[He escapes further questions by a series of  
 tremendous leaps.]

